



HOLINESS TO THE LORD



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly

Designed & Express
for the
Education & Civilization
of the Young

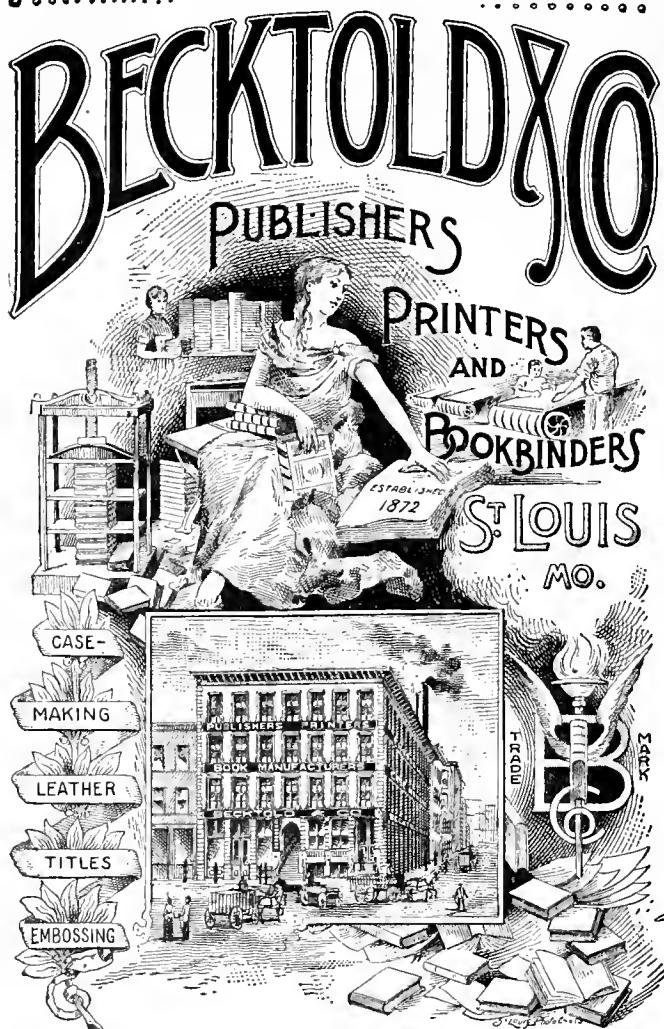


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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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200-212 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MR. DURANT OF SALT LAKE
"THAT MORROW" — IS Out!

BY
BEN E. RICH.

Price, Postpaid, - - \$1.25

CEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

1894

PROSPECTUS

Vol. 29

OF THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

IT is the intention to make VOLUME TWENTY-NINE of this valuable Magazine superior in the excellence and variety of its contents to any volumes that have preceded it.

The Editor will continue his very instructive and valuable articles,

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS, and TOPICS OF THE TIMES,

in which will be treated matters of general interest, including answers to doctrinal and other questions. These articles are authoritative as far as the Church is concerned.

THEOLOGICAL LECTURES

of Dr. James E. Talmage, delivered before the Church University Theological Class in Salt Lake City, will appear in this volume. These articles will treat various doctrines of the Church in a thorough and capable manner, explaining many principles which have been somewhat obscure in the past, or at least have not been fully understood. These lectures will be authentic, as they are being examined and criticised by a specially appointed committee, and are then revised by the Presidency of the Church.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS

issued by authority of the Church School Board and prepared by Dr. Karl G. Maeser, make the INSTRUCTOR indispensable to all Church School teachers, and progressive advanced students.

EARLY DAYS IN UTAH

will be the title of a series of articles containing incidents of pioneer life in the valleys, depicting some of the remarkable happenings of those times and the struggles of the early settlers.

Under the heading of

ZION'S POETS

we propose to publish a number of sketches of our home poets and poetesses, together with some choice selections from their writings, illustrated with portraits of the subjects.

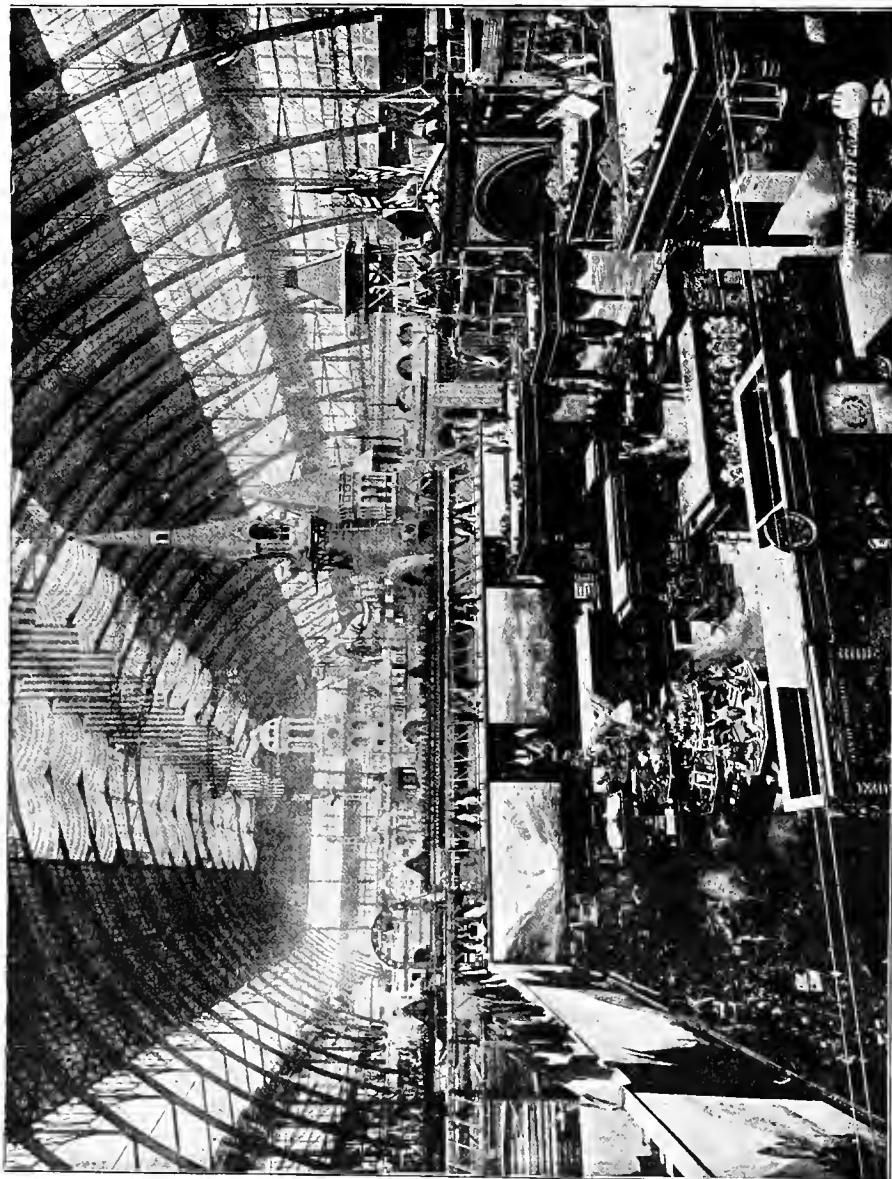
NEW FEATURES FOR THE CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

This department will receive special care and attention, so as to make it INSTRUCTIVE, as well as INTERESTING and AMUSING to the youthful reader.

It will contain short sketches of the BOYHOOD of the PROMINENT and SUCCESSFUL MEN of our Church and Country, teaching the youth the lessons which led to their success and prominence in life.

disastrous consequences, for I could not realize what a distance we had to travel and how many cars there were on the line. So I thought she would wait till

the South Loop, and I began to worry about her. At last we turned to go back, and when we got nearly to the place of our beginning, there, in one of the



MAIN AISLE IN MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

we got back, and settled myself as patiently as I could to wait for her. But we were a very long time—must have been half an hour getting round to

passing cars, which whizzed by us every three minutes, I caught an unmistakable glimpse of Mrs. Taylor's brown hat and feathers.

Dear, dear, was anything ever so unfortunate? There I sat with all the books, luncheon, and even, as I gloomily reflected, her purse in my satchel. What was to be done? I went around the North Loop, trying to watch for the brown hat and feathers at every passing car, and at last back we came to our place of beginning, and out I sprang, determined to wait until she came around that way anyway. So I stood on the platform for an hour, watching every car that passed, but although there were any number of brown hats and feathers, there were none combined in exactly the same kinks and twists which adorned my comrade's pretty chapeau.

The whole forenoon was gone; it must certainly be after two o'clock, from the hungry feeling I had, and was getting desperate. I suddenly remembered we had once jokingly talked about missing each other, and I had suggested going to the Utah Building if such a thing occurred. So, like another great simpleton, I got down from the platform, instead of taking a car and riding as near to the Utah Building as I could. I walked from the Transportation Building, about a mile and a half, up to our own House.

Past the Horticultural Building, with its wealth of growing plants and flashes and flames of brilliant color, its glass domes hiding beneath their sunny clearness all that is beautiful and rare in Nature's fastness; past the tiny Woman's Hospital, with its clean and cool interior; past the Children's House, with its hundreds of happy, playing and singing inmates; past the Woman's own Building, full of all that is special to woman and her works; past the great Illinois House, imposing in its ugly architecture; past the California State House, looking like a huge Mission House, with floral

and tropical wealth without and within; past the State Houses, that lined that long and circling pathway; and oh such weary feet as dragged me along! At last, there was the statue of Brigham Young, in all its bronze stateliness, the semi-circular porch, the yellow plaster of the Utah House; and there, too, was Mrs. Taylor, nearly tired to death, waiting for me, and just coming down the steps to go off to some place where she could be improving her time.

We were unfeignedly glad to see each other, and we didn't lose each other again that day, I tell you.

But about the Liberal Arts Building. All the guide-books tell you it is 688 by 788 feet, and that it covers thirty acres, the gallery space giving ten acres more of room to store and display the immensity of wealth and beauty under the huge yet simple and plain roof.

It is a town all by itself. The principal avenue is wide, and seats here and there enable one to rest during the long and tedious march through. It is tedious, there is no use talking. The first thing when you go in, your attention is directed with conscientious minuteness to the very first exhibit which meets your steps. And oh! oh! Nation after nation brings its woods and its jewels, its purple and fine linen, its pictures and its statuary, its wealth and its beauty, to fill all these spaces and places. You begin by going into raptures over every lovely vase and carving, and, truth compels me to add, you end by having no sort of interest in anything on the face of the earth but in getting through and getting out. It is perhaps unwise to make this very private confession to the public, but I am given to telling the truth, "at times," as Mark Twain puts it, and just now is one of "the times."

Of all that I saw in that most wonderful of all wonderful buildings at the Fair, that which I best recall, was the crowd of stupid gazers upon the Tiffany Diamond, which turns in its own useless and stupid splendor round and round on its velvet cushion in the glare of the electric inner light, to show its wondrous size to the gaping crowd which surges and elbows its way to see this marvel.

Then the German exhibit, enclosed within an iron fence, perhaps twenty feet high, and guarded by grim looking sentries in plain clothes, was gorgeous in the extreme.

Of all the countries which sent their displays to astonish the American nation, those sent by New South Wales seemed to my companion and myself the most deserving of notice and admiration. Everywhere when you saw the highest, and biggest, and finest display, it seemed to be branded with the name of New South Wales. In the Liberal Arts Building it was just the same.

I remember distinctly the Sevres china and rare woods, the delftware from Holland, the Bohemian glass, with its simply bewildering loveliness; the richness and magnificence of many of the rooms furnished by various countries and nations. One sewing machine company had a wonderful suite of rooms in the upper galleries, furnished entirely by machine-embroidered covers for furniture, beds, dining-tables, carpets; even the pictures on the walls were sewed by the tiny needle of a sewing machine. All the sewing machines, in fact, had fine displays.

Then there were acres of rooms in the gallery devoted to the school exhibit; and if anyone were disposed to reflect upon things as they seemed there, you would be led to conclude that the

Catholics were soon to dominate this country with their magnificent school work. Utah's exhibit I naturally examined carefully, and I was surprised to find there so little from the district and some of the denominational schools. The Agricultural College, in my opinion, was the best represented of all Utah schools.

I remember with some degree of sorrow at this late day, the awful attempt that we made to eat the dreadful luncheon that we had to parade clear across a half mile space to find; and oh the bread, as dry as a sectarian sermon, the butter, which certainly must have suffered much, it had grown so pathetically strong; and that pie! Shades of my Puritan grandmothers, is it possible to further insult thy memories than was done by my poor teeth in the endeavor to masticate that abominable pie!

One didn't realize the size of that monster building until he was in the main aisle, and wanted to find something in the other street; for instance, if you sought the Lake Front, you were sure to go out the nearest entrance and find yourself in the Court of Honor, but a mile away from the Lake. If you wanted to find a toilet room, you were directed to the south side of the building, on the second aisle, near the middle entrance, off the second to the left-hand alley-way. And down you go and over you go, and when you stop you ask another guard, and you find that you have made a slight mistake and are on the north side. If you do find the place you seek you lose your companion, and are apt to spend the rest of the day in hunting for each other.

But there is one thing that is always with you. You can go up the main aisle, or down the alley-way, along the south side or across the west side; up-

stairs or downstairs, or in my lady's chamber. Wherever you go and whenever you stop, there is the souvenir-seller. Oh, those dreadful souvenirs! Huge jewels set in shining gold, for fifty cents, that when you got outside the grounds and compared your purchases with those in the numberless fakirs' stands along the streets near the Fair, those same pins were dear at ten cents. And the jewelry, and the handkerchiefs with your name or a picture of the Fair, and the breastpins, and the scarfpins, and the bracelets and the chains, and even spectacles and thimbles. Oh, dear, it made my eyes ache to look at the many things!

Well, to sum up, the Liberal Arts Building was much like other Fair Buildings, only everything there was on the most gigantic proportions. The biggest building, the finest display, and the richest exhibit ever seen in all this world.

Homespun.

**DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
DEPARTMENT.**

**To Ward and Stake Superintendents and
Secretaries of Sunday Schools.**

ANNUAL STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL
REPORTS.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board desire to call special attention at this time to the importance and necessity that exists of preparing the ward and stake reports for the year 1893, immediately after the beginning of January, 1894.

On the 17th of November last, the General Secretary sent to each ward, two blank reports, and to each Stake Superintendency, larger blanks and some ward blanks direct from the general office, to every school organized throughout Zion, and the different

missions whose addresses were forwarded last year.

The ward officers should see that their report is made out by the time requested on the report, and sent direct to their respective Stake Secretaries or Superintendent, who, in turn will, from the ward reports in his stake, compile a complete report on the large annual, and his report should be forwarded to the General Office by the time requested on said blanks.

This variance from sending the reports as heretofore (and as we expect to do hereafter) to the Stake Superintendent direct, to the wards was done to save expense, as we were sending a circular to each school and to all stake officers, regarding annual stake Sunday School conferences, and other Sunday School work, we thought best to enclose the ward reports direct to each school.

Should there be any school organized during the past year which has not received the said reports, or any school which has failed to get these blanks, please write at once direct to the General Secretary, John M. Whitaker, 334 Constitution building, who will forward them. And where new schools have been organized the past year and have not received the Guides, Dr. Maeser's Lectures, Book of Mormon Charts and cards, if you will, when you send for blanks, also request these things, the General Secretary will also forward them to such schools, without cost to them, as the "Nickel Donation," on the first Sunday of September in each year, is intended to pay these expenses.

We trust great pains will be taken by the ward and stake officers in compiling their yearly reports, and that they will also answer all the questions asked on said reports, name of school, and P. O. address, etc. This is an important

matter. It should not be neglected. Pride should be taken in making a thorough and complete ward and stake report, and by this means the labor done heretofore by the General Secretary, which should have been done by the stake officers in making correct totals, will be saved.

As by the comparison of these reports each year, the advancement and growth of the Sunday school work is measured, the importance of having them accurate cannot be over-estimated. We trust all the reports will be in proper time, and that there will be no Sabbath school in the Church that shall not be included in the annual report of Sunday schools for 1893.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Typhoid Fever and Impure Water.

THE assertion is made in medical journals that the most satisfactory of all tests for the purity of water is the typhoid fever death rate test. The greatest stress is laid upon the importance of pure water for drinking purposes. In Chicago there has been a reduction of the death rate from typhoid fever in the year 1893 as compared with 1892, of over sixty per cent, and the statement is made that it can hardly be doubted that the improvements in the water supply have been the chief, if not the only, cause in this gratifying reduction. Chicago has been taking steps to increase the purity of its water supply and to prevent the body of water, from which it draws its supply, from contamination with the sewage of the city. In that city there has been a general improvement in the death rate with the improved water supply, but particularly in relation to typhoid fever. It is asserted that

stronger evidence could hardly be produced, even if additional proof were required, than the statistics that are quoted to show the causal relation between the contamination of the water supply and the typhoid fever.

In 1892 the percentage of mortality from typhoid fever in Chicago was higher than in any of the large cities of this country, and higher than London and Berlin in Europe. In 1893 the death rate from this cause was gradually lowered but it still remained higher than the other cities named. The cities having the least typhoid fever death rate in the list published were London and Berlin. These two cities use only filtered water. London draws nearly all of its water for some four or five millions of people from the grossly polluted rivers, the Thames and the Lea, and after filtering it supplies it to a population that is almost free from typhoid fever. This is an exceedingly strong argument in favor of the filtration of drinking water.

In this Territory we have had considerable typhoid fever during this fall; and it is a serious question whether this is not principally, if not entirely due to impure water. I have a number of artesian wells, which send forth an apparently pure supply of water; but an analysis proves the existence of considerable organic matter. Such water is not healthy without filtration. There are a great many people, since the sinking of artesian wells has become common, who depend for their water supply upon these wells. Such water either ought to be boiled before using or be filtered.

I have no interest in advertising filters, but one of Pasteur's filters which is used at my home gives the most satisfactory results and sensibly improves the quality of the water.

There must be a cause for the preval-

ence of typhoid fever, and no more fruitful cause for this dreaded disease can be found, in the opinion of physicians, than impure drinking water. It is admitted by all authorities upon this question that it is of the utmost importance that everything in the nature of sewage should be kept from drinking water or water used for culinary purposes. It is a most fruitful source of disease and death. Experience has also proven that greater exemption can be obtained from cholera, when that scourge is prevalent, by exercising care in boiling water.

Water and Kidney Troubles.

On a recent visit to St. George, in conversation concerning the water supply of that town, I was informed that one of the brethren living there had suffered considerably from kidney trouble and had constructed a filter which he had used for the filtration of all his drinking water. The result was most satisfactory. His health improved and he was almost, if not entirely, freed from his former trouble. The smell of the contents of the filter, when cleaned after it had been used, was described as most offensive.

There is scarcely room to doubt that the prevalence of kidney trouble is due, to a great extent, to impure water. Much of our drinking water is very hard and full of lime, as can readily be seen by examining the inside of a teakettle in which it is boiled. I have been told that in Sanpete, where they make mild beer which our Scandinavian people drink very generally, and in making which the water is always boiled, they are comparatively free from diseases of the kidneys. I do not mention this to recommend even the drink-

ing of such an innocent beverage as I understand they make, but to draw attention to the fact that the boiling of the water may have the effect to free it from impurities that might be hurtful to the human system.

The Editor.

AN ANXIOUS WATCH.

AROUND the fire, such a bright cheerful fire it was, with the flames dancing gaily up the wide chimney, sat a group of young people. Occupying the place of honor, sat a sweet, motherly-looking woman whom three of those great boys and girls called mamma. By her side sat one whose face and form were no longer youthful, but whose heart seemed young and fresh as ever. This was Mr. Ames' sister, ten years older than himself, and called Aunt Bess by all of them. The rest of that gathering consisted of guests who had been invited to spend the holiday season with the Ames family.

This was Christmas Eve, but a night that would have made any one hesitate a long time before going out-side.

Arrangements had been made to attend a Christmas pantomime, but late in the afternoon the storm had begun, gradually increasing in violence, till venturing beyond the door was out of the question.

Quickly getting over the disappointment of having to remain at home, they set about finding something to amuse themselves. They sang songs, played games, expounded riddles, and cracked nuts until they were tired. The storm had reached such a height, that its roar and bang had depressed their spirits, and now they were sitting quietly around the fire.

Mrs. Ames drew her chair closer to

the fire and said with a shiver. "Heaven help the poor traveler tonight!"

"Yes," said Aunt Bess, "one could scarcely survive this storm. It reminds me of a night fifty years ago," continued she in a musing tone.

"A story, a story!" shouted Ted. "Ladies and gentlemen prepare to listen to a tale of ancient times. Not that you are ancient, Aunt Bess, because you are just the nicest lady I know, except mother," finished he in a serious half-shamed manner.

"Well, fifty years ago must seem a long time to you scatter-brains," giving him a smile, "but to me it seems as but yesterday. Times have altered very much since then—I hope for the better."

"Now, Aunty, you will tell us that story, won't you?" pleaded one of her nieces in a pretty, coaxing way.

"Yes, Bess tell them the story, it will take their minds from the storm," said Mrs. Ames, to which Aunt Bess replied "All right. Now, attention all! When I was a little girl we lived on the frontier where, at that time, the Indians were very war-like.

"One night, almost as stormy as to-night, we were gathered around the fire listening to father tell how many of the cattle would die if the winter was a very hard one, for the summer had been very dry, and nearly all the crops had failed. The wind was tearing and howling around the house, swinging the loose boards together, for we hadn't a good strong house like yours, my dears, when suddenly my mother held up her hand. 'Hark!' said she.

"Above the din could be heard some one knocking. We children clung closer together, while father unfastened the door.

"The door flew back, and in from the stormy night stepped an Indian. He

had been so buffeted by the wind and storm, that he could hardly stand. Flinging off his blanket and tossing the long, damp hair from his eyes, he stood revealed to us as an Indian who, when he was sick and nearly dying, father had befriended."

"What! Scarlet Feather! What brings you here?" cried father in surprise.

"Yes, me heapa good red-man. Other red-men no good, no good. Take pale face scalp, tomahawk pale faces. Scarlet Feather heapa know."

"O, Scarlet Feather are the Indians going on the war-path again?" cried mother sharply, her face paling.

"They dug up hatchet, go on war-path in so many days," replied he, holding up three fingers.

"Don't you want to go on the war-path and take many scalps, so you will become a great brave and chief?" inquired father to test him.

Drawing himself up proudly, 'Pale face heapa good to Scarlet Feather; he no forget,' said he.

"No time lose. Go morrow night to cave. Scarlet Feather show pale face where go."

"Scarlet Feather, our neighbors must not be killed in this way. They must be warned of their danger. If I go and warn the fort, the men there can prepare the neighbors so that they can gather the women and children at the fort, and be prepared for the danger which threatens them. Will you come with me?"

Father had not been idle while speaking, so was all ready to go out into the storm as he concluded.

"With his hand on the door latch he waited for the Indian's reply.

"No me stay with squaw and papooses."

"All right. Bar the door, mother, and

don't unbar it till you hear my signal, three cries of an owl, and with a cheery 'Don't worry,' he was gone out into the black night.

"We felt very sad and lonely, as the darkness hid his form from our sight. Here we were. One woman and three children alone with an Indian. But we were not afraid of him, for we knew we could trust him. We sat there in silence, except when Scarlet Feather gave an occasional grunt.

"The storm gradually began to subdue. We children fell asleep, while mother and the Indian kept watch. I was awakened by the faint cry of an owl. Mother sprang to the door, but quick as she was, Scarlet Feather was there before her. Putting her gently aside, he unbarred the door. Father staggered in, pale as a sheet, and with the blood dripping from his hand.

"Oh, father, what is the matter? Where are you hurt?" cried mother rushing to him, and leading him to a chair.

"O, nothing much. Only a bullet passed through my wrist."

"Oh, how weak his voice was, and as he finished he fainted dead away. Mother soon restored him. Scarlet Feather constituted himself doctor, and removing a blood-soaked handkerchief, washed and dressed the wound, and then pronounced it good.

"The bullet had passed right through the left wrist, leaving a jagged hole. It was not dangerous, but he had suffered such a loss of blood that it left him weak and faint.

"Said he, 'When I left the house, I with difficulty, reached the barn where I saddled Joal as quickly as possible, and then leading him out, set forth for the fort. Several times on the way my horse slipped and nearly fell, but at last

we arrived. The guard stopped me and peering into my face by the light of a lantern, and learning my errand, allowed me to pass.

"After telling my news to the men in the fort, I started to return, but as I passed the gate, and was coming home at a quick trot, a hasty and foolish young guard, thinking I was an Indian, fired at me, the ball passing through my wrist. As soon as possible I made known to him that I was a friend. Poor fellow! I felt sorry for him, his horror and remorse were so great. He begged me to come in and have my wound dressed, but I replied that I must get home quickly. He offered to send some one home with me, but I said no, and, tying my handkerchief around my wrist, once more set out for home, and here I am.'

"Next day dawned dark and cold. Father would have taken us to the fort, but Scarlet Feather was greatly opposed to it. He said that it was safer at the cave than at the fort, and that no one knew of the place but himself.

"At last his arguments prevailed, and father consented to his plan which was that he should return to the Indian friends and come after dark to guide us to the cave.

"So mother put a quantity of food in a basket with bottles of water, these with a roll of quilts and blankets were carried out and stowed away in the rough bob-sleigh.

"Night came, and Scarlet Feather with it. The horses were harnessed to the sleigh, we climbed in, and everything was ready for a start.

"When we arrived at a point which Scarlet Feather said was the place, we alighted. Nothing could be seen which looked at all like a cave. Scarlet Feather went up to what looked like

bushes heavily laden with snow. Shaking the snow off, and parting the bushes, he disclosed to us the entrance to a cave, into which he invited us to enter. Following him in, we found the cave to be very dry, and not so cold as the outside air.

"After father and the Indian had brought in the food, blankets, and a lantern, which he lighted, father said to us, 'Now, I don't want you to feel worried or lonesome, because I must leave you, and try to save our home, such as it is, so be of good cheer, and for no reason whatever leave the cave, for some red-skin might chance to see you.' After saying this he kissed us all, and then, in company with Scarlet Feather, left us.

"Oh! how lonely we felt after he was gone. Perhaps we might never see him again. Three year old Robbie, set up a cry for papa, to 'tate him out of the dake hole, tome to Wobbie.' Mother said we must look on the brightest side, but as she was speaking, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"We made the bed in the warmest corner, and then, to get warm, and to save the light, we crept in between the blankets. Mother extinguished the light, and then lay down beside us. That night, we afterwards learned, the snow fell, which was fortunate, as it completely covered our tracks.

"At last morning came. A dim faint light was in the cave, which was not much better than the light given out by the lantern. Mother gave us each a piece of bread and a cup of water. After eating, we began exploring the cave, which we found to be large, and containing an opening into another and much smaller cave. Mother was very glad of this unexpected discovery. With my help she moved everything we

had brought with us, into this smaller room where, in the warmest corner, she made the bed.

"We were so far removed from the settlements, that we could hear nothing, so you may depend upon it, we were lonesome and anxious, and strained our ears to catch the slightest sound.

"On the morning of the third day, mother told us we might look for father's return. Oh! how anxiously we watched and prayed! It was nearly noon when we heard some one coming. Mother peered through the bushes, and with a glad cry of 'father' sprang out to meet him. You cannot think what our joy was at his safe return.

"When he had eaten something, he said, in reply to our many questions: 'I reached the house safely, and slept there that night. Next morning after breakfast I rode over to the fort to get some of the men to stay with me. That night, as you may readily believe, we were on the watch, and when we saw some dark forms slipping carefully along, we were ready, and received them with a shower of bullets. They were taken completely by surprise, but for all that they fought like demons. It would have gone hard with us had not a body of men, stationed at another point, hearing the shots, come to our help. Many a true, and brave man, met his fate right there, but thank Providence, we defeated the savages, and I have hopes there will be no more outbreaks for some time, for they have received a lesson they will not forget for some time.'

"Another band of Indians attacked the fort, but as they were prepared for the redmen, soon succeeded in driving them away. I shudder to think what would have been our fate, had we not been warned. You will be sorry to

hear that the Indians suspecting him of treachery, shot Scarlet Feather through the heart. We found his body, and buried it.'

"We all mourned the loss of such a true friend.

"It was a very happy little family that went to sleep that night. Next day we were to start for home, and when we came in sight of the house, could hardly contain ourselves for joy.

"The next year was not so dry, and we had good crops. We also had a better house built. More settlers came and located near us, so that we did not so much fear Indian outbreaks, because their numbers were few and scattered, and they would not dare attack large settlements.

"Father had a slab of sandstone placed at the head of Scarlet Feather's grave, and traced on it these words,

"SCARLET FEATHER.

"Faithful even unto Death."

"Then followed the date.

"We children often visited his grave, and placed flowers upon it.

"There the storm has ceased, and it is time for you all to be in bed, so off you go now, and—but wait, listen, the Christmas bells are ringing, let us finish with a Christmas Carol."

Then up went such a song as made the rafters ring, as they sang of "Peace on Earth, Good will to man."

Effie A. Phippen.

If a man is worth millions of bushels of wheat and corn, he is not wealthy enough to suffer his servant girl to sweep a single kernel of it into the fire; let it be eaten by something, and pass again into the earth, and thus fulfill the purpose for which it grew. —*Brigham Young.*

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS No. 26.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF EDUCATION, Dec. 15, 1893.

General Superintendent's Visits.—According to appointment, the following visits were made during October and November: To the Stake Academies at Nephi, Cedar, Richfield and Ephraim, and to the L. D. S. Seminaries at Parowan and Gunnison. Meetings were also held with the Stake and Local Boards of Education of the Beaver and the St. George Stakes, at all of which gatherings not only the regular affairs of the respective schools, but also the matter of Religion Classes on the basis of the circular letter of September 12th last, received careful consideration. In compliance with the requests of the Stake Authorities, public meetings were likewise held at the places already named, and at Mona, Levan, Paragonah, Kanarra, Leeds, Washington, Santa Clara, Toquerville, Joseph City, Monroe, Glenwood, Vermillion, Salina, Redmond, and Gunnison, in the interest either of Sunday Schools, Primaries, Mutual Improvement Associations, Religion Classes, or of our Church school system in general.

Religion Classes.—It is with great satisfaction that we state that the circular letter of September 12th has been readily responded to by a great number of local authorities, so that satisfactory arrangements for the development of the important movement of Religion Classes are now in progress in many Stakes of Zion. The plan of making the Religion Classes auxiliary to the Sunday school work is meeting with general favor, and Sunday school superintendents begin to recognize in the movement a great help in their sacred mission. In many localities the school trustees are allowing, on application, the district schools to close

once or twice a week one hour earlier in the afternoon, in order to give the children of the various religious denominations the privilege of receiving instructions in their faith. A large meeting of the Religion Class Instructors of Sanpete Stake, Superintendent George Christensen presiding, was held at Ephraim, Saturday, November 25, at which the undersigned explained the aims and methods of Religion Classes.

District Conventions.—In addition to the remarks made on this subject in Church School Paper No. 23, it will not be amiss to state that many of our Church school teachers not only are attending County Teachers' Institutes, but also are inviting district school teachers to co-operate with them in their district conventions. This is productive of a great deal of good in the development of the principles of true education among the youth of our people.

Prof. Willard Done, Chairman of the Central District Convention, meeting at the L. D. S. College, reports that they hold monthly meetings, with lectures at each, followed by discourses on educational topics. This district comprises the L. D. S. College, the Davis Stake Academy, the Eighteenth Ward Seminary, and the Central Seminary.

The Pro Rata Plan.—The experiment of conducting during the present academic year our Church schools on the pro rata plan has met with a far greater success than was anticipated at first, which is due, in many instances, to the integrity and missionary spirit of our faithful fellow-teachers. The General Board desires, however, to remind some of the Boards that although the teachers have volunteered to carry on the schools at their own financial risk this year, the obligation of every member of the Board to do his utmost for the interest

of the school and to secure a full attendance, has not been lessened on that account.

Correspondence.—A large amount of accumulated correspondence at this office is waiting to be disposed of, and the undersigned begs the kind indulgence of his many correspondents, as his continuous travels during the last two months have prevented him from answering as promptly as he otherwise would have been pleased to have done.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

LIVE PEACEABLY.

A MAN with a strong will and a still stronger "won't" in his disposition, often finds it a hard matter to keep the peace with his neighbors. Such people are very likely to embroil themselves in constant lawsuits, that whether they are gained or lost are most disastrous every way. A learned judge was asked his opinion about going to law, and gave this advice:

"Rather than go to law with a man, with all its costs and uncertainties, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands; yes, and I would send him five dollars over to cover all possible expenses."

You have very likely heard of the man who cut down a boundary tree which his neighbor claimed, and both went into a lawsuit about it. The case dragged on through the "Circumlocution Office," until the man who finally gained it, was obliged to sell his farm to pay his lawyers. It must have been chilly comfort, as he plunged his hands in his empty pockets, to go away saying, "Well, I beat him."

You have all known similar cases in

your observations of men and things. I hope you have never known by experience, and never will.

Don't be too ready to take up a grudge against your neighbor. A wise man will stand on too high a moral plane to be moved by such trifles. He will condone many offenses before he will go to law. More than this, he will act as a peace-maker between neighbors who are at odds, and if possible reconcile them. Such a character is a blessing to any neighborhood. He also has the satisfaction of feeling that One who is All-powerful has said, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

A BIRD STORY.

THE intelligence of birds is well illustrated by a little incident which occurred among the feathered tribe in Vallejo very recently. A pair of young swallows commenced building a nest under the roof of a certain house. They were plainly green at the business, and judging from their general appearance they were young lovers who had just contracted the nuptial obligation. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that their first attempt to get up a household should be a failure, since it occasionally happens among wiser beings than birds that newly married couples do not regulate their domestic economy with the most profound foresight. And this attempt was an undoubted failure, for before the nest was completed down it fell. The birds did not try to rebuild it themselves, for they had probably become convinced of their own incapacity to remedy matters. But instead they disappeared for a day or two, and when they returned brought back with them an old bird, who might have been a professional architect and

builder, or again might have been a sage old mother-in-law, or some other relative. But whatever were the relations sustained towards the pair, the third comer evidently understood the art of building a nest, and had no less evidently been brought to boss the job. He—or she, as the case might have been—stayed around supervising the work until it was satisfactorily completed, which occurred after a great deal of flying back and forwards and an immense deal of twittering, part of which may be accounted for if we suppose the old bird had to occasionally lecture the young pair for spending too much time in conjugal caresses, and non-attention to their business.

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN PIONEER LIFE.

IN the first place, the writer is not quite certain that he is a credible witness of early life in Utah. Having seen only the transpirings of fewer than thirty summers and winters, his memory does not reach back even into the fifties. Had he been born and reared in Salt Lake City, this fact must surely have excluded him. But time has taken very unequal strides in different parts of this territory. Long after pioneering had ceased in the city, it went wretchedly, yet withal happily, on within one day's journey in any direction. Indeed, there are yet places in Utah which it would not greatly astonish a Rip Van Winkle of the fifties should he stalk down upon them from some enchanted mountain.

It may be well to make a start at once with the—to me—communicated incident, that I arrived, a fledgling pioneer, in April, '62. For the next year I find my memory utterly unreliable. Even the remarkable fact that I had reached the historic land of Goshen did not fasten

itself upon my mind. I have observed a similar obtuseness in later arrivals. They seem stunned, as if they had struck something hard, suddenly checking the momentum of a swift journey through the ether between heaven and this earth.

When I first began recording facts, I fear I lacked concentrated attention; else I should surely know something definite of a bright place which I often tried to investigate more fully, but was stopped half way thither by mamma. I should surely have been aware, too, of mamma's reason for tapping a pair of chubby hands when they insisted on pulling dirt down upon the bed. Strange, too, that I should so often creep up a sloping door-way, get a glimpse of the awful blue above, and be unceremoniously hauled down again, leaving the trails of ten little fingers—strange, I say, that with all these sensations, it should not have dawned upon me that I was born in a dug-out.

Yet so it was, evidently. No wonder I was stunned and speechless on my arrival. Credible witnesses have since shown me the pit 'whence I was digged,' so to speak; and as a boy in young pants I explored it and many another like it, in old Sand Town, the crysalis quarters of the modern Goshen. (Goshen is not yet entirely out of the cocoon, but, depend upon it, she will be ready for wings and gorgeous tints as soon as any other of her sister-towns.)

I have often reproduced in imagination this primitive settlement. Had it been rebuilt, or rather redug, at the World's Fair, nothing could have exceeded it in uniqueness.

To the east, south and west, nothing for miles but a desert of shad-scale, greasewood and white sage. To the north, Utah Lake, fringed with bull-

rushes. In the center of the valley slunk along, low in its channel through willows and underbrush, the small stream that gave promise of a future to the first settlers.

Picture about two dozen hovels such as I have described, irregularly scattered on either side of the town "sect" or canal. Underground dwellings they are, with roofs sloping just enough to turn the rain. Did not these pioneers draw inspiration from those earlier burrowers of the plain, the chip-munks? No windows, seldom a door, the resemblance to a mole-hill would be striking enough but for the rude timber protruding from the dirt roof, and the smoke issuing from a mud chimney.

As it is, we can imagine the chip-munks on a neighboring hill, bearing from village to village the startling news, "Behold a new and wonderful race of prairie dogs are digging yonder."

And yet this first rude planting of civilization must have been picturesque, in its way, especially at night.

The grotesque and the mean, hidden by the darkness, the ruddy pine-knot glow from many an open doorway illuminates the town; here glimmering on a well-stacked pyramid of winter's wood, there showing the Texan horns and glassy eyes of the old white-face, chewing her cud, behind the craggy cedar-picket fences of the corral.

Frowsy-headed, sun-faced children sport with the lights and shades, till a mother's voice scatters the group, and they descend like gophers into the ground with never a look behind.

In the distance we hear the tramp, tramp of feet, whose very echo makes us feel tired. Bright-faced spades and shovels gleam from sturdy shoulders, as they pass that outmost light. This is almost the entire male force of the

town, just returning from their work on "the dam," or a new canal.

Now they are in the full blaze of that doorway, and reveal, alas! but this is no time to look at their garb—for in an instant the air is full of children's happy voices, and papa's coaxing tones. Then all disappear to sight; but a painter might still go on with his picture, guided only by sound.

Judging by the rollicking boisterousness of these pioneers, we question whether the average of happiness has been raised by tall houses and garnished stairways.

But such shelters for a people alive with progressive principles, could only be temporary. A new site for a town was chosen farther north. Streets were laid out, and a lot apportioned to each actual or prospective head of a household. No corners on real estate in those days. The land was "squatted upon," staked off, a public square reserved, and the rest divided by lot, giving poor and—well, say—poor an equal chance. Nor were the future settlers forgotten in this division.

But to return to our town: Goshen—what marvelous faith must that man have had who proposed the name. To see a future land of "milk and honey," in one of Utah's barrenest wastes! Houses save the mark!—had been built. But here I must digress again.

Every trace of Utah's earliest pioneer architecture is gone—save possibly holes in the ground. The relics of the second stage are known only to the antiquary. As you dive along the half-rural parts of our cities, look into the orchards or near barns, for squatly junk-shops, granaries, or smoke houses, with low doors and windows—suggesting the black eye-sockets of a skeleton. These are they. Depend upon it, some inter-

esting local history has been enacted here. What revelations might we not expect, could the present denizens of cast-off log cabins, speak as objects do in the Arabian Nights! What confidential colloquies between the cow and the milk-maid, growing out of having been born and reared in the same house. Or between the master and his steed, or even between the pig which holds his nose low, and the fashionable society belle who holds hers high.

But to return to my narrative. The time came for Sand Town to be deserted. It is necessary that I assume again my own proper proportions, which, place me in the "mewling peeking" age of my story.

Scarcely a year and a half old, yet I distinctly—or rather indistinctly—remember an ox team, piled-up trumpery on a wagon, an awful noise, that made me cling with fear to my mother, a sudden covering up under a water-proof cape, a pitter-patter, and then a sudden awakening before a blazing fire.

The reader has probably guessed that we were moving, and already "filled in" the event of this trip. My father, having started the team, went ahead with the loose stock, and arrived at our new home in time to have a fine fire blazing; and well it was, for directly after starting, a thunder shower, little short of a cloud-burst, had suddenly blackened the sky, and made every ravine a muddy torrent. The oxen, unwilling to face the pelting rain, seemed in danger of overturning the wagon.

It is more than creditable to the pluck of little mother mine that she rose equal to the occasion. Meaner situations have been exaggerated into heroism.

Bearing on one arm a bundle of drowsy possibilities (myself), and wielding in the other the long whip, with rain com-

ing down in bucketfuls, and the lightning playing on all sides, she walked the entire distance, bringing up in bedraggled triumph before our new house.

Was it a house? Then, yes; but now? I'll not indulge the comparison that comes to my mind. It would be like trampling on home, for a home it was, whether a house or not.

It consisted of one large room, the walls built of white adobe, half under, half above ground. There was no floor save the natural cement beneath the sub-soil. This may have been the reason for half underground houses. The roof was made of the tall cane from the margin of Utah Lake, cut in the winter when free from leaves. Laid carefully over five neatly trimmed poles, and covered with white clay, it made a roof quite impervious to rain, and not bad looking, at least to the eyes of a pioneer.

The walls on the inside were white-washed every month or two. The freshening odor of it seems even now to revive as I think about it.

The door and window, patiently fashioned by hand from the rude log, were joined by nails made in a pioneer blacksmith shop.

The furniture—only to contemplate it makes one marvel at the things a family may be happy without. Three home-made chairs, with bottoms of braided grass; a table of puncheons; a bed whose only trace in my memory is a calico draw-curtain; two wooden chests marked: *Utah, Nord Amerika*, after the names of my father and mother respectively; and a curious old box hung against the wall, and containing a collection, or rather a selection, of thumb-worn books.

The cooking and dining utensils were especially adapted for saving labor. Our mothers were happy, or ought to have

been, in the things they did *not* have to cook.

Instead of the glittering array of the modern kitchen, grinning ironically at a tired housekeeper (whose once bright smile has long ago been transferred to the dishes), witness the cuisine of my mother in those simple days: One baking skillet; one stew-pan; two china plates, one broken into three parts, but mended with a wax end; wooden bowls and spoons, the manufacture of which kept pace with the growth of the family, one brass kettle, and one copper cauldron brought from Europe; finally, a tub with split-willow bands, and a home-made wash-board. A few other articles might be found by sifting memory, but these strike my recollection prominently.

There was one other article that deserves a special paragraph. It furnished music during the long winter evenings, and at once stimulated and developed a love for mechanics. It stood second only to bread in making life tolerable in those days. In short it was the central household attraction, chiefly, I believe now, because of the dear, smiling face that sat o'er it, and the busy fingers that stopped from operating it, only to "brush some tear away."

It ought to be embalmed; and like the twelve stones chosen from the bed of Jordan, it should be exhibited annually to the new generation. Who will celebrate the spinning wheel in a song that shall rank with "Home, Sweet Home?"

This brings me naturally to the subject of dress. Alas, with the unnumbered gains of civilization, how much that appeared directly to the heart is gone! The poetry of common things is fled.

There is my own little three-year old Sterling, who, when he bolts into the room, puts his grandmamma into a

revery that borders on tears. What emotions does a gaudy Fauntleroy, with silver buttons, arouse in his head, I'll not say heart? Who can tell! Part of the answer may be surmised as we scrape off the mud from the gutter, half an hour later.

But what of the other boy—the image he has aroused in grandma's mind, the little four-year-old of twenty-six years ago, on his way to meeting in his first new suit, adorned with large leather buttons? Had he not in fancy seen this pretty suit afar off? As first he patted the wooly back of Mailie, while his mother milked old Brock? Had he not later stood by, open-eyed, watching the progress of the shears? The washing, the carding, the spinning, the dyeing, the weaving—did they not each add a joy, the culmination of which was a little blue coat? And then the marvel that from the same sheep's back came also his little red waist. No need to tell him that his little gray pants were half white, half black wool; he had seen the color gradually growing on his mother's cards. To describe the dress of the people at a pioneer meeting on Sunday, the recollections of a boy of five must be largely assisted by imagination.

To begin, my memory clings most tenaciously to the item of large, bony fists, a row of them facing the audience, the rest prominently scattered on the "brethren" side of the house.

Sheep's gray pants, with "barn-door" fastenings are next remembered. The fashion came, I believe, from Scandinavia, the fibre from our own valleys and mountains.

The European "brethren" generally came out with vest and coat of missionary black, diffusing some of the odor of the old chest, in which they had lain

during the week. Old-fashioned when their owners left the fatherland, they last a score of years for Sunday wear in the valleys. Moth-eaten and thread-bare in many instances, they harmonized admirably with the severe, Puritanic expression, often seen on the wearers' faces; contrasting no less finely with the slouchy, devil-may-care make up of the American pioneer. Having no finery, the latter made a merit of looking as negligent on Sunday as on week day. Was there ever a time, indeed, when a Yankee could not be seen on a Sunday morning sitting across the top bar of a corral, rolling a cigarette?

But what of the week-day attire? The Yankee has now a decided advantage. His pants were perhaps made of wagon cover, but they were generally whole or holes. When the latter predominated, they were cast aside. Not so with Hans or Peter. Stitch upon stitch, piece upon piece, without regard to "color or previous conditions of servitude!" Oh, for the wit of Hans Christian Anderson, to set these patches talking.

Did pioneers all wear their hair long? Bill Nye speaks facetiously of long-haired Mormons, whom he encountered on the plains. In my day, they cropped it squarely about an inch below the ears. I was always busy trying to measure with my eye the depth of the "crop." Long after the modern custom came into vogue, my white locks went streaming in the wind, because "the Lord liked little boys better that way." But O, the misery of it, when a million gnats gave you a call some sultry day, while cleansing a ditch in a patch of willows.

This is how my brother and I were "de-angelized." Stealing one Sunday morning into the shed, shears in hand, we solemnly determined to end the

agony of long hair. I sheared him first, but after looking at the job, concluded that I would wait awhile. Whatever possessed the shorn cherub to go directly to meeting? Sacrilege! A fine sermon was spoiled that day. I got there in time to see him led out of the house by a pair of convenient ear locks, I had quite inadvertently left.

I must fight shy of describing the early female costume. I have only an indistinct memory of striped woollens, and pink "calikers." But at a later day there came the "shakers" and "hoops." What boy could remain oblivious even at marbles or roley-poley, when such a costume came by, flaring in the wind? Modesty prevents my sketching a row of these inverted balloons in a meeting, or of indicating what a fraction only of the sermon was digested, in the vain endeavors to control these air chambers. But hoops were not all bad; they were quite breezy, no doubt.

I know it is a sin,
For me to sit and grin,
At them here;
But the striped colored hose
Every movement did disclose
Looked so queer.

And if they come again.
In recurring fashions train,
Like the bustle,
For a season they will reign
Our most pompous weather vane,
Then "hustle."

My space is gone; and yet what good things I had blocked out to talk about: the linch-pin wagon, and its near implement relations, ending with the flail; the impression left of our Indians in their palmiest days upon the mind of a boy hiding behind his mother's skirts; good old town ball, and the score of other manly games in which the boys of today are so degenerate; pioneer schools, and the old time teacher; rousing "hops," and rabbit hunts; above all,

the fraternal equality that obliterated birth and nationality, and made this people more united and happy than they will ever be again this side of the golden gates.

However, my readers will have fewer things to forgive, if I now bid adieu to the past, resume my interest in the present, and look with hope to the future.

N. L. Nelson.

MAN'S DEPENDENCE ON MAN.

Did you ever sit down, and in sober reflection,
Consider the debt that you owe to your kind,
And feel that your morals had need of correction
For failing the rights of your neighbor to mind?

Does it ever occur to your mind that a brother
Must help you to get here and help you to go;
That through all life's bustle we lean on each other
In sunshine, in shower, in weal or in woe?

When sudden misfortune with horror assails you,
And sickness brings mourning and death to your door,
Who call in to comfort the trouble that ails you
But those you have trusted and proven before?

Both Nature and God and our daily surroundings
Declare it a crime and a menace to part
From the fountain of love with its pleasure abounding
And friendship that sweetens and gladdens the heart.

To strengthen the faith of a brother is doing
A kindness to him and another to you;
To foster his love you are merely pursuing
The lesson that Nature designed you to do.

So what is the use to be selfish and narrow
And watching for chances to challenge the wrong?
The fault of your neighbor is yours ere tomorrow,
And erring to mortals will ever belong.

Howe'er we may frown on the world's degradation
There is one thing that looks us right square in the
face:
That man to be happy must seek the salvation
Of others, and share in his order and place.

Then let us be trustful and live here together
In peace and contentment and honor pursue,
And make up our mind that come fair or foul weather
We'll keep friendship's beacon forever in view.

Then God and His angels will ever be near us
To comfort and bless us as duty requires
And the hope of the future will strengthen and cheer us
With all that is best for our honest desires.

J. C.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A Favored People--Choice Land.

HE Lord, in speaking to Lehi and Nephi concerning this land of America, described it as a choice land above all other lands; and truly an examination of the earth proves conclusively the truth of that statement. America is a wonderful land, and possesses superior advantages to any other part of the earth.

Children of the Latter-day Saints should be thankful that they are born and live in such a country. There are many reasons for this. We not only have a form of government that admits of the fullest development of man, but gives to him, when its powers are properly exercised, the greatest liberty. If those who live under our government do not possess liberty, it is not the fault of the government; it is the fault of those who exercise its powers. With all its faults (and every human government has faults), it is beyond question the best form of government now on the face of the earth.

But it is not alone in this that those who live in this land enjoy advantages; for it can be proved and made very clear that the average standard of living is higher in the United States than in any other part of the world. The laboring classes in America eat more and better food than those of other lands; their clothing is better; their modes of living are in every way superior; the opportunities for advancement are greater and education is within the reach of the humblest.

There is no position in the country that an industrious, intelligent and persevering youth may not occupy. Men have risen to the highest stations in the land from the lowliest conditions. Abraham Lincoln is a case in point. He was reared in the backwoods. His facilities for education were limited, because the country was a new one. He was a wood-chopper, a rail-splitter, a cultivator of the soil. But he made use of every advantage within his reach, and he became President of the United States. James A. Garfield in his youth worked at the humblest occupations. Among other labors, he drove a team to haul a canal boat. The names of Senators and Members of the House of Representatives might be mentioned by the score, who in a similar manner rose from humble positions in life, to be very prominent in the nation, and to have much influence in the management of its affairs.

There is everything, therefore, to encourage the youth in our land. The Lord has greatly favored America and its inhabitants.

But above all the favored people of this favored land, the Latter-day Saints, we think, have the most cause to be grateful. Everyone who believes in the Almighty, and who will examine the history of the Latter-day Saints, must see on every hand evidences of the Lord's bounteous care and His great love for the Saints. We were compelled to leave a highly favored portion of the United States. The Mississippi valley is a valley of great natural resources. We came to this, then barren and forbidding region. But the Lord changed the barrenness into fertility. He has made the land beautiful, through His blessing upon it, and today it is viewed by those who visit us, as one of the most beautiful portions of the earth.

There is no grain raised in any land that excels that which our valleys produce. There are no sweeter or finer vegetables. Our fruits, if properly cultivated, cannot be excelled. Our climate and soil are admirably adapted for the raising of the finest horses, horned cattle and sheep. As an abode for man, these valleys cannot be surpassed. The air is pure, the climate is very healthy, and we have lived long enough here to prove that human beings can live to a great age and preserve their powers unimpaired.

There may be, and doubtless are, portions of the continent that equal us in these different respects; but it is almost safe to affirm that none excel us. The change that has been wrought in this country since the Pioneers entered Salt Lake valley forty-six years ago is very marvelous, and it ought to be contemplated with the deepest gratitude by the Latter-day Saints. The Lord has been very kind to His people, and the children among the Latter-day Saints should be taught to appreciate these blessings; for not only are they greatly favored in temporal matters, but they have abundant cause for thanksgiving for the light, the intelligence and the knowledge which the Lord has given them concerning the plan of salvation.

Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

WE rarely estimate the blessings we enjoy at their full value, until we have lost them forever.

WHILE looking out for great opportunities we are apt to let little ones slip through our grasp.

NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

My Samoan Experience.

AFTER staying at Fagalii till mail arrived, Elder Smoot and I returned to our field of labor on the east end of the island, where we had great hopes of organizing a branch of considerable numbers, as we already had a number of converts, some of whom we expected to baptize. Our anticipations were partially realized after a stay of a month or more, when enough were baptized to make a branch and headquarters for the east end. We then commenced to work from this village, Sinpapa, west on the south side of the island. Our experience in many adjoining villages was anything but encouraging, yet in every instance where opposition seemed the strongest, the result was always the brighter. I remember particularly on one occasion when I was traveling alone. Brother Smoot was sick, but insisted on going, as we had previously decided to do. He had to stay at a village, however, before our trip was ended, and returned home to Sinpapa, when he got stronger. I continued on, and for some time met nothing but insult and unkindness, until I wished I had accompanied Brother Smoot back. The last day of my walk before reaching the objective point (this was just after parting with Brother Smoot), I was very tired, and at dusk was called in a house, on entering a village we had visited before. Not having had anything to eat since early morning, and having walked with a loaded knapsack under a very hot sun, I was beyond being hungry, I was exhausted. It was a large house, one they had built specially for chief gatherings, and it was filled with that class, too, that like to show their authority. It

being the season for bonita (sometimes called by sailors skip jack), and as a number had just been brought in from a canoe, each chief had a large piece on a leaf in front of him, and as a matter of courtesy, a raw piece was brought to me. They were very insolent, and before the fish was all eaten, they drew my attention to the nearness of night, and asked many insulting questions, to get me angry; of course it wouldn't do to show my real feelings, but I answered them, telling them, however, I hadn't come to quarrel, and that in the morning I should be pleased to hold a meeting. I knew the next village to be several miles away, and through a thick forest, with a very difficult path to find, and as it was then raining fast, I felt rather attached to this village, although a most unwelcome visitor. On saying I would put up with any inconvenience rather than risk finding my way through the wet and muddy forest, they told me with a number of apologies that every house in the village was crowded, and *faamole mole a e lelei ona e malu atu i le la nuu* (excuse us, but you had better go to that other village). With this I left, and was soon on my way, groping, I hardly knew where, through mud and running vines, now stumbling over a fallen tree, then slipping on a sidling path, until finally I felt I could go no farther, and sat on a rotten tree, which was like a sponge, to rest. I felt as if I was the most uncomfortable and lonely being that lived. I remember well how I thought, while sitting there in that darkest of dark jungles, being wet, cold and hungry, of my home of light and joy and plenty, and of the free and thoughtless lives of many I knew, having been that way myself at home, when I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Why don't you pray again" (as I had already prayed

twice). I immediately lowered the satchels from my shoulders, and knelt on the wet leaves to pray a third time. My load seemed lighter, and although foot-sore and weary, I seemed hardly to realize that I was walking, such were the heavenly feelings that filled my mind, and while walking under this influence. I heard a voice just ahead calling me to come that way, saying she (it was a native woman's voice) had been waiting for me for some time. Of course I thought her some one I knew, and followed as she led the way to a house some distance off the main path, and a house we had never visited before. My surprise can scarcely be imagined, when I saw that faces and surroundings were entirely strange to me; yet I realized a warmth of feeling that bespoke friends. And although I had to sit in my wet clothes (as my satchel was wet through), I listened with no little interest to the cause for her being on the lookout for anyone at that unreasonable hour, of so disagreeable a night.

She explained that she had had an inexpressible feeling all day that some one was coming to see her, and towards night the feeling was so strong that she went out on the path, fearing that the party coming might go by her house. From the time of entering the little old hut, I felt perfectly at home, and was very glad I hadn't staid in the other village.

Now that she knew who I was she said: "Why, my husband wants to see you folks and talk with you. How strange you should come on the very eve of his returning home from a month's absence."

Vao (that was her husband's name) came as expected, and was very glad to see me, and on hearing the circumstances of my coming, said it was the Lord

that had sent me. His wife and little daughter were baptized some three days after, and the next trip Brother Smoot and I made, he was baptized.

After a stay of some weeks Brother Dean came up in our boat with some natives, and Brother Smoot and I went back to Fagalii with him. This trip, too, we each will remember as long as memory lasts. It was a dull, cloudy and unpleasant afternoon, but we had determined to go, and started. We hadn't sailed far, however, when the wind veered to due north, coming almost broadsides to us, as we were sailing west. The sea soon became very rough, and as night came on the wind blew stronger, and the rain fell thick and fast until when we were opposite the harbor in front of our house, it was so dark, and the breakers were running so high, that we attempted in vain to find our way through the reef. Never, in all of our dangerous experiences previous to this one, did we find ourselves so completely at the mercy of wind and wave as then. Imagine only three in a fair-sized, open boat to row, to steer and tend the sails, and then imagine yourself being tossed like a cork on white-capped, rolling seas, with darkness so black that you could see nothing, and the wind blowing a hurricane, with rain falling in sheets, and you so full of fear, not knowing the moment you might be either engulfed or carried on the breakers, and torn to pieces on the ragged coral reef. For minutes (which seem hours) not a word is spoken, but each does his part, not knowing the hour when a watery grave would bring release from the terrible mental and physical strain. Finally, after giving up all hope, our strength being gone, word comes from the bow of the boat that "we must pray to God, and turn the vessel towards

the roaring breakers, consigning ourselves to the fate that awaits us." The next moment, as if lifted by an unseen power, we found ourselves in safe water, resting on our oars, completely exhausted, but full of thanks to the Lord.

On turning the next bend we saw our dear home Fagalii. We could only tell it by the light in the window, placed there as a beacon to guide us, as we were expected that night. Our folks, however, were much surprised at our coming, and almost discredited the story of our terrible experience, which had lasted six long hours.

The following missionaries arrived on April 26th, 1890: George McCune, Langley Bailey of Nephi, and George Abel of American Fork. About a month later we separated, Brother Abel being left to join those on Tutuila. Brother Bailey assisted on Upolu, while Brother Dean, McCune and myself left for Savaii, the largest island of the group. We went, as usual, in our open boat, landing on the south side of the island, at a village called Salaelua. The large settlement was crowded with visitors, playing cricket, and the way they all crowded around us was amazing. On learning that we were Mormons, they were not very friendly, but because of custom, however, the head chief offered his house to us for the night. We found that our brother and sister Afualo and Emele (who had been baptized on Upolu) lived only a few miles to the west, so early the next morning we were in their village, Fogatuli, leaving our boat at Salaelua.

The entire village treated us kindly, and our brother and sister received us quite royally. Our crew of native Saints did a good deal of fire-side preaching. Our old friend Ifopo was with us, also Ioane, an ex-teacher in the Lutheran

Church, and others were there. Brother Dean and the natives, after staying a few days, left for Fagalii, arriving a few days later. Brother McCune and I soon baptized Afalo's father and mother, and commenced visiting adjoining villages. After several weeks' successful and hence pleasant work among the natives, we started for the other side of the island, which meant a difficult walk of some three days. I would just mention, in passing, that we found among the natives some white men (traders), who were very kind to us. Mr. Jensen of Salaelua, Mr. Slade of Foa, and a most fatherly old gentleman (John Burgess), whose houses and edibles were ever placed at our disposal, were our constant friends.

Before we started we had heard much of the mu (lava flow), and found it a most disagreeable path. This bed of lava is about three miles by fifteen in extent, and of course being solid rock, has little or no vegetation. The rocks in the day time will burn a native's feet, and a guide is necessary to find the path. We were treated with comparative kindness, and finally arrived at Saleaula, a very nice village on the northern side of the island. We found relatives here of our Sister Emele, but they did not seem glad to receive us. They found a family, however, with whom we could stay. We held meetings here, and the mother was of such an inquisitive frame of mind that we could perceive she would soon join the Church. The teachers and leading men were soon up in arms against us, as many of their flocks were turning their hearts towards the truth. After visiting other villages, we returned, and in spite of threats and opposition, this woman Tolovae was baptized. The climax seemed now to be reached. The chiefs met next morning, and by

daylight the decree was sounded that we were to go. To save our sister's family from persecution, we consented to go. The persecutors then said Tolovae must either renounce the faith or have her property destroyed. She said if they drove us they also drove her. We had only a little time to make ready and leave, and what she and her family didn't take at once, fell into the destroyer's hands. The hour we left was a sad one. Before we left the natives began killing chickens, pigs, etc., and pillaging everything available. Our sister's husband Matua and children, went to a neighboring district called Lealatele. Matua blamed us, of course, for bringing this calamity upon him, and with him we truly sympathized. Our courageous sister stood it bravely, and amid the sneers and insults of many, and sympathies of a few, we left the village, not knowing where we were going.

When passing through Salupulau, another village of the district Saleaula, we were invited in, and, much to our surprise, offered a home in the house of Faasoo, a chief. His brother, Falelua, and wife Tina were also very kind to us.

We soon baptized quite a number here, and today Saleaula (I think) can boast of the most, or one of the most, wide-awake branches on Samoa.

There is a nice bamboo meeting-house, and well-kept grounds, a regular day school, Sunday school, etc., etc., and our sister and family have long since returned to their house and land, feeling much better spiritually than any that ever showed the "white feather."

We walked the long distance to Fogatuli and returned a good many times, and saw many, many instances of the Lord's goodness towards us and the Saints, which I haven't space to relate. When I left in February of 1892 there

were six Elders meeting with good success, having three branches established, with a bright future for the work of the Lord on this island Savaii. Seldom have I left any place feeling that dearer friends to me remained than those of Savaii.

Since my leaving our old homes on Aunu and Tutuila, I had visited them once. The work on these islands, as well as on Upolu, had steadily increased. Brother Beesley also had made one trip to Manua, three small islands of Samoa, some sixty miles east of Aunu. Brother Dean had written and had published a very complete work in pamphlet form on the gospel principles, called "*O le Ala Moi*," i. e., The True Path. I had composed a very small pamphlet of songs, and some twenty-three Elders were on Samoa when we left. To make my account more complete, I would add that Brother and Sister Dean had long since returned, their first year having been spent on Hawaii, and Brother Beesley returned home in October of 1891; Brother Kapule, too, had returned to stay, seemingly, on Hawaii, leaving out of our pioneer company Brother and Sister Lee and children, and myself, to return in February and March of 1892.

The steamship *Mariposa* was the February steamer, on which we left the sunny isles of Samoa, homeward bound, and time will never erase reflections, both pleasant and sad, that passed through my mind as our steamer plowed to the north-east, causing the islands soon to fade from view, and sink below the horizon. Seven days and we were on the Sandwich Islands, where we went ashore, baggage and all, for a two weeks' stay. Brother and Sister Noall and Brother Johnson met us, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at the

comfortable mission house at Honolulu. Next day all of us, except Brother Johnson, went to Laie, the plantation, gathering place and headquarters of the mission. Our stay here was pleasant and enjoyable in the extreme, and the brethren and sisters did all they could for our comfort and convenience. I left Laie before Brother and Sister Lee, and with Brother Johnson went to the island Maui, and spent a night at the extinct crater Haleakala, 12,000 feet above the sea level, and was much interested with other sights we saw; noting also the spot in Pulehu where President Geo. Q. Cannon made the first baptism on Hawaii in the fifties.

Joining Brother and Sister Lee again at Honolulu, we were kindly driven to all points of interest in that fair city by Brother and Sister Noall, and started for America on board the steamship *Australia*. Another week and we were once more on American *terra firma*. Two days and a little more in San Francisco, and we started for home, arriving in Salt Lake March 15th, three and a half years to the day from our departure. Thus closes a brief account of an epoch of the greatest worth to me, and also experiences without which, if it were possible, I would not be.

Ejay Wood.

ONE day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron. The teacher called attention to its small tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little girl wound up by saying: "The blue heron has a tail, but it must not be talked about.

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

Of all religious people, perhaps there are none more attentive to their prayers than are the Mohammedans. Five times a day are they called from whatever occupations are engaging their attention to bow the knee and worship Allah, and speak in praise of his prophet Mohammed. At dawn, noon, four o'clock, sunset, and nightfall, the

Allah. Come to prayer. Come to security. Allah is most great. There is no Deity but Allah." To these words the addition is made to the early morning call, of the words: "Prayer is better than sleep."

One would naturally think, judging from the rise, progress and decline of other religious bodies that have adopted so many ceremonies and demanded such earnest attention from their devotees, that Mohammedanism with its strict requirements would be greatly on the decline at the present time, if not entirely extinct; so many centuries having elapsed since its first announcement and promulgation. Not so, however. It seems to possess more of the fire and religious fervor, which formerly was characteristic of it, at the present time than for several centuries past. Its members are no less attentive to their prayers, and the spread of Islamism is now being sought by the peaceable means of preaching even in America, as well as in other parts of the world, in contradistinction to the murderous methods by which its doctrines were spread abroad just previous to the crusades.



ANNOUNCING THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

solemn voices of the Muezzins may be heard from the minarets of the mosques wherever these people live, calling the believers to their supplications. At intervals these loud-voiced officials add to their clamation of the hour of prayer the words: "Allah is most great. I testify that there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is an apostle of

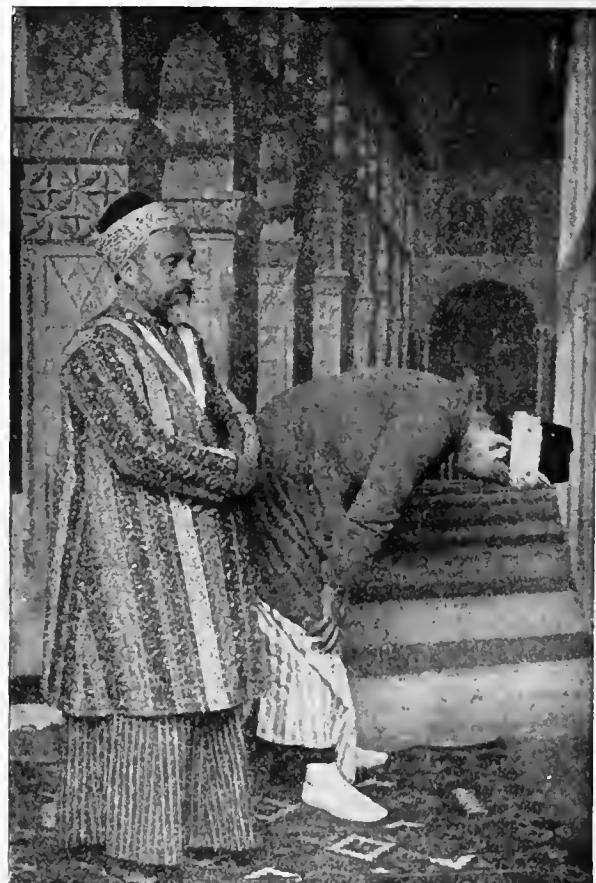
In religious ceremonials the Koran is strictly followed in all its teachings. Immersions of the entire body on special occasions are required, and ablutions before prayer, either with water, dry dust or sand are strictly enjoined. The ground or carpet on which the worshiper kneels must be clean, and he must turn his face toward Mecca, which in the mosques is indicated by a niche in the wall. While wo-

men are not prohibited from attendance at worship in the churches, it is generally considered desirable that they do not attend as their presence might be hurtful to true devotion. These prayers are offered wherever the people chance to be on week days, but on Friday which is the Moslem's Sabbath, the mosques are crowded almost to suffocation. These structures are not provided with seats, but are abundantly supplied with carpets or mats. On entering the door, which the Moslem does by placing his right foot first over the threshold, he removes his shoes, carrying them in his left hand sole to sole. He then performs his ablutions, and before commencing his prayer, places his shoes and any weapons he may chance to have on the carpet or mat.

His prayer completed, he is not forbidden by his religion to engage in trading, even within the walls of the sacred structure, and it is not infrequent to see a crowd of merchant-men bartering and trading while the services are not in progress.

Next in importance to the duty of attending strictly and regularly to prayers is that of giving alms, which is followed in importance by the duty of fasting, and the making of a pilgrimage to Mecca. All the faithful are expected to fast with the exception of the sick, those who are traveling, and soldiers in time of war. The great season of fasting is in the month of Ramadan, and when this month falls in midsummer, as it sometimes does, it is not very easy for the devotees to refrain from eating, drink-

ing, smoking, bathing, or inhaling delightful perfumes. The fasting should last from daylight until after sunset; but during the night there are no restrictions placed upon their eating or carousing to their entire satisfaction. At the end of the sacred month it is customary to bestow a measure of provi-



MOHAMMEDANS PRAYING IN THE MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

sions on the poor. In addition to this gift, there is an annual payment of money, cattle, fruits and wares of different kinds.

In former times it was the custom after the great fast of Ramadan for three immense caravans to set out for Mecca from Cairo, Arabia, and Damas-

cus. There were times when the number of pilgrims thus journeying amounted to one hundred thousand souls, with half as many more camels. These beasts, however, did not only bear their loads of human freight, but they were burdened with things which were given in exchange for the riches of the East. These pilgrimages, however, have recently become of rather secondary importance, since the mosque at Mecca has been stripped of its magnificence, and the tomb of Mohammed has been destroyed by the Wahabees, dissenters from the true faith.

Mecca, the holy city, is situated about forty miles from the Red Sea, in a desolate country. It would be of little consequence were it not for the religious faith of the Moslems, whose visits give it some commercial importance. The mosque situated in this city has Kabba—a square stone temple, reputed to have been built by Abraham—and in Kabba is a stone, which every true Musselman believes was brought from heaven by the Angel Gabriel when he visited Mohammed, and commanded him to preach the true religion, which event occurred when Mohammed was forty years old. The pilgrim passes seven times around Kabba, reciting all the time verses and psalms in honor of God and His prophet, and kisses each time the sacred stone. Some of the more devoted Mohammedans, in addition to the pilgrimage to Mecca, go to Mount Ararat, which is thirty miles to the south.

There is much in the Koran that is excellent. It urges strict faithfulness in the discharge of private contracts, and recommends the creditor to remit all debts. The theft of no less value than half a crown should be punished by the cutting off of the chief offending limb—

the right hand. Bankruptcy or inability to work releases the debtor from all his financial obligations. Usury is prohibited. All games of chance are forbidden, and the word of a gambler is not accepted in a court of justice. Chess and games of skill are considered proper if they do not interfere with religious duties. The drinking of wine is forbidden. An unchaste woman is to be imprisoned for life, the man charging her with this crime being required to furnish four witnesses to the offense. Failing to do so, he is to receive eighty stripes for his libel. Murder is a capital offense, or, if the crime is not premeditated, sometimes a fine is the punishment imposed. The killing of an infidel or of a child is not attended with the penalties which ordinarily prevail. Of course there have been modifications in these laws of the Koran since that sacred book was written, and accepted by the followers of Islam; but when Mohammedans had the power, they generally meted out swift and sure punishment upon offenders.

That this curious religion has been a wonderful force in the Eastern world there is no question, and that it has done untold good no one can doubt. However much our views may differ from the Mohammedans, and however great a deceiver Christian people consider their prophet to have been, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that he was one of the world's great men, and worthy of a place high in the scroll of fame.

H. A. C.

At the close of a long prayer by a father who had prayed for the poor, his son said: "Father, if I had as much wheat in the barn as you have I would answer that prayer myself."

BASILIUS.

The Inquiry.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

In an article entitled "True and False Theosophy," which appeared in a recent issue of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I find the following statement made: "As far as we know, Basilius the Great was the last one who is said to have held the true priesthood, of whom we have any knowledge. He died 570 A. D."

This statement being somewhat brief, and entirely new to me, I wish to inquire as to the ground for believing that he (Basilius) was the last one who held the true priesthood, or in fact for believing that he held any portion of the true priesthood at all, and what authority we may look to in support of this claim.

In Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History of the fourth century, I find the following: "Basil, surnamed the Great, Bishop of Cæsarea, in point of genius, controversial skill, and a rich and flowing eloquence, was surpassed by very few in this century" (fourth).

Finding no mention of any "Basilus" in the sixth century in the work just quoted from, I was led to believe that the Basil the Great, of which Mosheim speaks, is the same one to which your correspondent refers, although there appears to be a discrepancy as to the time in which he lived. How is it?

R. M.

The Reply.

Dear Editor:

The question of R. M. is a very clever one, and needs a careful answer.

You remember, perhaps, that I wrote the article just after conference, and had no opportunity to consult books.

I had, however, a feeling of uncertainty about Basilius, and therefore stated, "As far as we know."

The true priesthood went from the earth 570 A. D. Daniel says that for 1260 days (years) the daily sacrifice would be done away; that means there would be no priesthood. It was restored in 1830. Subtracting 1260 from 1830 leaves 570. Now, there were several Basilius'.

1. Basil, surnamed the Great, and called St. Basil, one of the most eminent and eloquent of the Greek Fathers, was born in Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Asia Minor, about 329. (There is also a Cæsarea in Palestine, on the shore of the sea, and then Cæsarea Philippi, east of the Jordan Valley.) Basil studied with Julian the apostate, the heathen philosophers at Athens, was an advocate in his native city founded a monastic society was ordained a presbyter in 362, and succeeded Eusebius as Bishop of Cæsarea in 370, died 379. He resisted all invitations to come to the court of Julian the Apostate, his former and intimate fellow-student, and showed himself very firm when Emperor Valens persecuted him on account of opposing Arianism. He was engaged in most of the controversies of his time, but in a peaceful and generous manner. In the Greek Church he is yet honored as one of the greatest of saints. Also the Roman Catholic Church has an order called Basilians. His influence was greatly felt in the east and west. The best editions of his works are from the Benedictines (Paris, 1721—1730), and that of the Brothers Gaume (Paris, 1835—1840); but the authenticity of many of the moral and ascetic pieces is doubted.

2. Basil I, the Macedonian, Emperor of the East, was born 813 A. D.; accord-

ing to others in 826. He came to Constantinople when yet young, became chamberlain to the Emperor Michael in 861. When Michael was murdered in 867, Basil became emperor.

He healed the wounds of both the church and state. He was the terror of the Saracens, reconquered Asia Minor, and by wise economy refilled the public treasury exhausted by Michael. Extortioners were sought out and punished. He made an alliance with the Russians at Kiero, sent them missionaries, and from that time they commenced to become Christians, acknowledging the authority of the Greek Church. He commenced the compilation of that great code of laws called "Basilica," which was completed by his son Leo, the Philosopher, and revised, in 945, by order of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the son of Leo. Basil died 886, through being wounded by a stag.

3. Basilides, an Alexandrian Gnostic, lived during the time of the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius. He considered himself a Christian, but his doctrines widely differed from those of Christ. For curiosity they may find mention here: Basilides says, there are 365 worlds, ruled by angelic powers. The head of the last world, the lowest, is the God or Jehovah of the Old Testament, who was the prince of the lowest class of angels (good angels). Strife arose among the angels, the true religion was lost, and to restore it, the Supreme God sent the first Aeon (Nous, or Intelligence), who united himself with the man Jesus, and taught men that the destiny of their spirits was to return unto God. This *Nous* was not really crucified, but changed form with Simon from Cyrene, and stood laughing while Simon suffered, and afterwards returned to heaven.

So far had apostasy gone already as early as 140 A. D.

4. An unknown man who left a book under the evidently assumed name Basilius. This book was found shortly after the beginning of the Reformation (16th century), under an altar in an old church, where it is reported it was hid for about ten centuries. It was revised from the old manuscript (Latin and old High German) into the New High German. The students will remember that there was no written German language until Bishop Ulfila (375) translated the Lord's prayer and pieces from the gospels into the Gothic. Out of the Gothic generated the Old High German; out of this the Middle High German (in which we have costly pieces of literature). The New High German was created by Luther's translation of the Bible.

The book, written in the sixth century, and ascribed to Basil, treats mostly on Theosophy, also about the minerals and medicines. Like the Berleburger Bible, it points sharply to the general apostasy and prophesies a restoration of the true apostolic Church.

We learn from the learned professors of the so-called Tuebinger School (Baur and also Dr. Ed. Laughaus), that in the first centuries after Christ there was a great amount of writing done, that went under the name of "pseudonyme literature." Some writers would sign, for various reasons, under their products the name of some prominent man, without really wishing to commit literary theft or fraud. We find this same strange fact as late as the 12th and 13th century, when, for instance, the excellent German writer Nicholas Von Wyle, gives his best ideas and dissertations under the names of ancient authors, like Seneca, which he only professed to have translated. We also must not forget

that the Catholic Church kept a sharp eye upon heretical writings; and perhaps once in a while a learned monk, really religious, and gifted as a seer, wrote in his lone monastery cell a book, deep and true, but unfit for his time, and appealing to a happier ~~future~~. The word of Goethe, the great student of antiquity, is true: "The past is for us a book with seven seals." But how thankful ought the Latter-day Saints to be for the light of the restored gospel, and for the living teachers and seers.

Respectfully yours,

J. Spori.

SPY, YET PATRIOT.

LET us present the picture of a highly-favored young man of the previous century—one Nathan Hale, born June 6th, 1755, in Connecticut, and who, having unexpectedly survived his infancy, was destined to the ministry, though at the time of this portrait he was just a graduate of Yale College. "He was about six feet in height, and perfectly proportioned; his chest was broad, his muscles were firm, his face wore a most benign expression; his eyes were light blue, and beamed with intelligence; his hair was soft and light, and his speech was low and musical." Thus was he described by Dr. Munson, one of his professors, when, having carried off the honors of a Latin debate on the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not without any just reason more neglected than that of men," the young collegian not only won the hearts of "the daughters," but was also firmly intrenched in those of his instructors.

But the boy had not only a fine figure and good looks; he was also possessed of stout and unyielding courage. His

grace did not lessen his sturdiness, nor could his beauty at eighteen detract from the grand patriotism which he displayed at twenty-one. As stated, he was designed by his father for the ministry, but the future had other things in store for him. His own bent was not toward the church; but as a sort of compromise vocation, he had gone to teaching school. In this peaceful pursuit, and in the quiet village of New London, we find him when the news of the skirmish between the patriots and the British red-coats, on Lexington common, electrified the colonists, and roused the spark of independence into the flame of full-robed liberty. No more master's ferule or school books for him. The fire of the soldier burned within him; and after a stirring appeal to his fellow townsmen to join the "rebels," he himself set the example by enlisting as a volunteer. Soon chosen a lieutenant, he was in regular service before the close of the year, and having taken part in the siege of Boston, in January, 1776, he had been promoted to a captaincy. But camp and barrack duty was too tedious for his aspiring spirit, and early in the fall he was in New York, where among other exploits he led a daring band in the capture, at midnight, of a British supply vessel in the East river, under the very guns of a British warship.

His next important appearance was destined to be his last. General Howe's forces had possession of New York City. The patriots had fought them in the battle of Long Island, had been defeated and forced to retreat to the heights of Harlem. In striking contrast with the destitution of the Americans were the abundance of supplies, the splendid equipment, the overwhelming majority in numbers, and the powerful backing

of a well-manned fleet of the British. But in hope and resolution the little army of Washington was more than the equal of the foe.

It was necessary that some insight be gained into the exact force of the latter, and of their contemplated movements. Washington called for some one to volunteer to enter their lines and get this information. The officers generally refused to play the part of a spy—they were willing to fight openly against any odds, but they declined to undertake this humiliating and unesteemed part in the great game of war. Captain Hale, however, accepted the call, and stepped forward willingly. He assumed the disguise of a school teacher, safely got inside the enemy's lines, visited in succession the various camps on Long Island and in New York, secured much information, and made copious notes and maps. Perhaps it was his success that made him over-confident; for, when almost ready to return to his friends, he boldly and incautiously put up one night at a Royalist tavern, just outside the British front. Here he was recognized, and promptly captured. His drawings and memoranda were found between the true and false soles of his shoes, and, there being no longer any doubt as to his real character and identity, he was taken at once to General Howe's headquarters. War is war, and a spy's fate is seldom a matter of much doubt. Hale was kept confined in a greenhouse over night, and was ordered to be hanged before sunrise next morning.

In his case there was not even the usual consideration that is accorded the condemned. The official who guarded him and had charge of his execution treated him most brutally. It is a grim coincidence that this man, Cunningham by name, afterwards suffered death on the

scaffold in England, for numerous and atrocious crimes, to which with his latest breath he confessed. To his prisoner he showed neither manly charity nor Christian mercy. He denied him the services of a chaplain, tore up before his very eyes the letters which the young soldier had spent most of his last night on earth in writing to his betrothed and his relatives, and hustled him off before daylight to the place of death. Even the boon of a soldier's death was refused. To his prayer that he might be shot, the only answer was a surly order that his arms be at once pinioned, and the noose be placed about his neck.

But everyone else was moved deeply by the young patriot's serene courage, and his undaunted bearing. He did not flinch nor falter. He asked no further favors, and did not even seem to regret his fate. On the contrary, with head erect, eye flashing, and voice unshaken, he uttered these noble words, the last his lips were to speak in mortality: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The disgrace his executioners had probably thought to put upon him, only invested him with a more sublime dignity.

This was on the 22nd of September, 117 years ago. Seven years later, or 110 years ago, on the 25th of November, the British forces left New York City forever, and the foreign yoke was broken. The anniversary has come to be remembered by later generations as Evacuation Day, and it is usually marked by festivities and various holiday observances. This present year, it was most appropriately celebrated by the unveiling of a statue to the youthful hero, the boy spy. Captain Nathan Hale. There in artistic and enduring bronze he stands, arms and legs bound, and neck bared for the rope; but the expression on his face is

calm and radiant, and his lips look as though they would again like to utter the undying sentiment—a theme for not only American youth, but for the patriotic youth of all nations: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

C.

STICK TO IT.

A YOUNG man learned the carpenter's trade, and set up for himself in a little shop. He pursued his business steadily year after year, though times were often dull. Men went into partnership with him occasionally, and after a while sold out and went into some other business. But the young man persevered, and twenty-five years afterwards was worth thirty thousand dollars. He had never had any particular "run of luck," but he kept "pegging away." He had a good, honest business, and stuck to it. That was the main secret of his success. He stuck to it in all weathers, and I will venture to say he had a prudent wife at home to help him, and so he prospered.

As a general rule, it is always the best to stick to the business to which you have been trained. It is a good direction which a man gave to his boy when he was going with the boys whortleberrying:

"John, when you find pretty fair picking, stick to it, and not go hunting around for big bushes. You will gather more in the end."

A small, steady business, faithfully followed, is more likely to lead to a competence than chance gains which promise ten times as much money. Use your best judgment in choosing a calling for life, but when you have chosen it, stick to it, and work at it with all

your might. People who are always shifting are like "the rolling stone."

It is no matter if you begin small; most large enterprises have done so. The carpenter alluded to was obliged to run in debt for his tools when he commenced. But he did not remain in debt a minute longer than was necessary. Indeed, a small debt in the start has helped many a young man to form habits of frugality which were a life-long advantage.

M. A. C.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

THE very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith thus discourseth on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh; to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives is he free from pain?"

When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

SANTA CLAUS ON THE TRAIN.

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
 Sped on through the blackness of night,
 And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
 With the gleam of its fierce head-light
 In a crowded car, a noisome place,
 Sat a mother and her child;
 The woman's face bore want's wan trace,
 But the little one only smiled.
 And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
 And her voice had a merry ring,
 As she lisped, "Now Mamma, come and guess
 What Santa Claus'll bring."
 But sadly the mother shook her head,
 As she thought of a happier past;
 "He never can catch us here," she said,
 "The train is going too fast."
 "O, mamma, yes, he'll come, I say,
 So swift are his little deer.
 They runs all over the world to-day—
 I'll hang my stocking up here."
 She pinned her stocking to the seat,
 And closed her tired eyes,
 And soon she saw each longed-for sweet
 In dreamland's paradise.
 On the seat behind the little maid
 A rough man sat apart,
 But a soft light o'er his features played,
 And stole into his heart.
 As the ears drew up at a busy town
 The rough man left the train,
 But scarce had from the steps jumped down
 Ere he was back again.
 And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
 Bulged out from his pocket wide;
 He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
 He laid by the dreamer's side.
 At dawn the little one awoke with a shout,
 "Twas sweet to hear her glee;
 "I knew that Santa would find me out;
 He caught the train you see."
 Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
 The child was surely right,
 The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
 And came aboard that night.
 For the saint is fond of masquerade
 And may fool the old and wise,
 And so he came to the little maid
 In an emigrant's disguise.
 And he dresses in many ways because
 He wishes no one to know him,
 For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
 But his good deeds always show him.

Henry C. Walsh.

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

[Lectures by Elder James E. Talmage, before the Church University Theology Class, Salt Lake City].

SUNDAY, Nov. 12, 1893.

3. *We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.*

NATURE OF THE ATONEMENT.—This subject is very closely associated with that of the last article. The atonement wrought by Jesus Christ is a sequence of the transgression of Adam; and as the infinite foreknowledge of God made clear to Him the one even before Adam was placed on earth, so the Father's boundless mercy prepared a Savior for mankind before the world was framed. Through the Fall, Adam and Eve have entailed the characteristics of mortality upon their descendants; therefore all beings born of earthly parents are subject to death. As this penalty came into the world through an individual act, it would be manifestly unjust to cause all to eternally suffer therefrom without a chance of deliverance. Therefore was the promised sacrifice of Jesus Christ ordained as a propitiation for broken law, whereby justice could be fully satisfied, and mercy be left free to exercise her beneficent influence over the souls of mankind. (See note 1.)

THE ATONEMENT FORETOLD.—As shown in our consideration of the second article of faith, the purposes of the Father to open a way for the redemption of mankind, then to leave all free to exercise their own agency, were adopted by the Council, to the rejection of Lucifer's plan of compulsion. Even at that remote period, Christ was thus ordained as a Mediator for all mankind; in fact, "a covenant was entered into between Him and His Father, in which He agreed to atone for the sins of the world,

and he thus, * * * became a 'Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.'**

The Old Testament prophets, many of whom lived centuries before the time of Christ's coming in the flesh, testified of Him and of the great work He had been ordained to perform. These men of God had been permitted to behold in prophetic vision many of the scenes incident to the Savior's earthly mission; and they solemnly bore record to the manifestations. Indeed the testimony of Christ is the spirit of prophecy, and without it no person can rightly claim the distinction of a prophet of God. This testimony was borne by Moses,[†] Job,[‡] David,[§] Zechariah,^{||} Isaiah,[¶] and Micah.^{**} The same declaration was made by John,^{††} the Baptist, the prophet of the Highest, designated by the Savior as more than a prophet; he it was who baptized the Christ, and who witnessed the Father's words associated with the visible sign of the Holy Ghost, concerning the mission of the Son. Should there be any doubt as to the application of such prophecies we have the conclusive testimony of Christ that they refer to Himself. On that memorable day, immediately following His resurrection, while walking incognito with two of His disciples on the road to Emmaus, He taught them the scriptures that had been written concerning the Son of God; "Beginning at Moses, and all the prophets. He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning

Himself."* A few hours after this event, the Lord appeared to the Eleven at Jerusalem. He operated upon their minds "that they might understand the scriptures; and said unto them, 'Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer,'† in this way testifying that He was fulfilling a previously ordained plan.

Peter, one of the Savior's most intimate earthly associates, refers to Him as "a Lamb without blemish and without spot, who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world."‡ In his epistle to the Romans, Paul characterizes Christ as the one "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past."§ These are but a few of the biblical evidences of Christ's appointment and foreordination; both Old and New Testament|| writings abound in proofs of Messiah's great work.

Book of Mormon prophets are characterized by their full testimonies concerning Messiah. Because of his purity of faith, the brother of Jared was permitted to behold the Savior of mankind, centuries prior to the Meridian of Time, and to be shown that man was created after the image of the Lord,[¶] at the same time being taught of the Father's purpose that the Son take upon Himself flesh and dwell on earth.¶ Nephi records the prophecy of his father Lehi concerning the future appearing of the Son in the flesh, His baptism, death

* Pres. John Taylor, in "Meditation and Atonement."

† Deut. xviii, 15, 17 19.

‡ Job xix, 25 27.

§ Psalms ii, 1-12.

|| Zech. ix, 9; xii. 10: xiii, 6.

¶ Isaiah vii, 14; ix. 6-7.

** Micah v, 2.

†† Matt. iii, 11.

* Luke xxiv, 27.

† Luke xxiv, 45-46.

‡ 1. Peter i, 19 20.

§ Romans iii, 25.

¶ See Rom. xvi, 25-26; Eph. iii, 9-11; Col. i, 24-26; II. Tim. i, 8-10; Titus i, 2-3 Rev. xiii, 8.

¶ Ether iii, 13-14; see also xiii, 10-11.

and resurrection; this prophetic utterance even specifies the exact date of Messiah's birth, viz., six hundred years from the time of Lehi's exodus from Jerusalem. The mission of the Baptist, Christ's forerunner, is described, and even the place of baptism is designated.* Shortly after the time of Lehi's vision, Nephi was shown by the Spirit the same things, as also many others, some of which he has written, but the greater part of which he was forbidden to write, as another, the Apostle John, had been ordained to set them forth in a book which should form part of the Bible. But, from his partial account of his vision we learn that he saw in Nazareth, Mary the Virgin, first alone, and shortly afterward with a child in her arms; the angel who demonstrated the vision informed him that the infant was the Lamb of God, the Son of the Eternal Father. Then Nephi beheld the Son ministering among the children of men, proclaiming the word, healing the sick, and working many other wondrous miracles; he saw John, the prophet of the wilderness, going before Him; he beheld the Savior baptized of John, and the Holy Ghost descending upon Him with the visible sign of the dove. Then he saw and prophesied that twelve chosen apostles would follow the Savior in His ministry; that the Son would be taken and judged of men, and finally be slain. Piercing the future, even beyond the time of the crucifixion, Nephi beheld the strife of the world against the apostles of the Lamb, and the final triumph of God's cause.† Jacob, the brother of Nephi, prophesied to his brethren that Christ would appear in the flesh among the

Jews, and that He would be scourged and crucified of them.* King Benjamin lifted his voice in support of the same testimony, and preached unto his people the righteous condescension of God.† So also declared Abinadi,‡ Alma,§ Amulek,|| and Samuel the Lamanite prophet.¶ The literal fulfillment of these prophecies furnishes unquestionable proof of their truth. The wondrous signs indicative of Christ's birth** and death were all realized,†† and after His death and ascension the Savior manifested Himself among the Nephites, as the Father announced Him to the multitude.†† The scriptures then are plain in declaring that Christ came upon the earth to do a work previously allotted. He lived, suffered and died, in accordance with a plan which was framed in righteousness for the redemption of the children of Adam, even before the world was.

VICARIOUS NATURE OF THE ATONEMENT.—It is to many a matter of surpassing wonder that the voluntary sacrifice of a single being could be made to operate as a means of ransom for the rest of mankind. In this, as in other things, the scriptures are explicable only by the spirit of scriptural interpretation. The holy writings of ancient times, the words of modern prophets, the traditions of mankind, the rites of sacrifice, and even the abominable sacrileges of heathen idolatries, involve the idea of vicarious atonement. God has never refused to accept an offering

* II. Nephi vi, 8-10; ix, 5-6.

† Mosiah iii, 5-31; iv, 1-8.

‡ Mosiah xv, 6-9; xvi, 1-15.

§ Alma vii, 9-14.

|| Alma xi, 35-44.

¶ Hela. xiv, 2-5.

** Hela. xiv, 2-5; 21-27.

†† III. Nephi i, 5-21; viii, 3-25.

†† III. Nephi xi, 1-17.

* I. Nephi x, 3-11.

† I. Nephi xi, 14-35; see also II. Nephi ii, 3-21; xxv, 20-27; xxvi, 24.

made by one who is authorized on behalf of those who are in any way incapable or unfit for doing the required work themselves. The scape-goat,* and the altar victim† of ancient Israel, if offered with repentance and contrition, were accepted by the Lord in mitigation of the sins of the people; and for vicarious purposes have the ordinances of baptism for the dead,‡ and other temple ceremonies§ been instituted. For the great sacrifice, however, the effects of which were to be infinite, only an innocent being could be accepted. It was Christ's right, as the only sinless Being on earth, and as the Only Begotten of the Father, and above all as the one ordained to this mission in the heavens, to be the Redeemer of mankind; and though the exercise of this right involved a sacrifice, the depth of which man cannot fathom, yet Christ made that sacrifice willingly and voluntarily. To the last He had the means of terminating the tortures of His persecutors, by a simple exercise of His powers as a member of the Godhead.|| In some way, though that way may be inexplicable to us, Christ took upon Himself the sins of mankind. (See note 2.) The means may be to our finite minds a mystery, yet the results are our salvation. Something of the Savior's agony as He groaned under this load of guilt, which to Him as a type of purity must have been in itself repulsive. He has told us through the prophet's words in this day: "For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent; but if they would not repent they must

suffer even as I, which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit, and would that I might not drink the bitter cup and shrink, nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men."**

THE EXTENT OF THE ATONEMENT is infinite, applying alike to all descendants of Adam. Even the unbeliever, and the heathen, and the child who dies before reaching the years of discretion are redeemed by the Savior's self-sacrifice. To a degree, children are born heirs to the good or evil natures of their parents; the effects of heredity in determining character are readily recognized. Good and evil tendencies, blessings and curses, are transmitted from generation to generation. Through this divinely appointed order of Nature, the justice of which is plain in the revealed light of knowledge concerning the pre-existent state of the spirits of mankind, the children of Adam are natural heirs to the calamities of mortality; but through Christ's atonement they are all redeemed from the curses of this fallen state; the debt, which comes to them as a legacy, is paid for them, and thus are they left free to work out their own salvation or condemnation according to individual acts. Children who die free of sin are entirely innocent in the eyes of God, though they be the offspring of transgressors. The Nephite prophet Moroni has declared: "Little children cannot repent; wherefore it is awful wickedness to deny the pure mercies of God unto them, for they are all alive in Him because of His mercy. * * * For behold that all little children are

* Lev. xvi, 20-22.

† Lev. iv.

‡ 1 Cor. xv, 29.

§ Doc. & Cov. cxxvii, 4-9; cxxviii.

Matt. xxvi, 53-54.

* Doc. & Cov. xix, 16-19.

alive in Christ, and also all they that are without the law. For the power of redemption cometh on all * * * that have no law."*

THE TWO-FOLD EFFECTS OF THE ATONEMENT are implied in this article of our faith. The first effect is to secure to all mankind alike exemption from the otherwise terrible effects of the Fall, thus providing a plan of *general salvation*. The second effect is to open a way for *individual salvation* whereby mankind may secure forgiveness of personal sins. As these sins are the result of individual acts, it is just that forgiveness for them should be conditioned on individual compliance with prescribed requirements,—"obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel."

DEGREES OF GLORY.—Our belief in the universal application of the atonement implies no supposition that all mankind will be saved with like endowments of glory and power. In the kingdom of God there are numerous degrees of glory, provided for those who are worthy of them; in the house of our Father there are many mansions, into which only those who are prepared will be admitted. The old sectarian idea, that in the hereafter there will be but two places for the souls of mankind,—heaven and hell, with the same glory in all parts of the one, and the same terrors throughout the other, is entirely untenable in the light of divine revelation. Through the direct word of the Lord we learn of varied degrees of glory. (1) *The celestial glory*:—There are those† who have obeyed the divine commandments, accepted the testimony of Christ, and received the Holy Spirit; these are they who have overcome evil by godly works, and who are therefore

entitled to the highest glory; these belong to the Church of the First Born, unto whom the Father has given all things; they are made Kings and Priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchisedek; they possess celestial bodies, "whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God, the highest of all, whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical;" they indeed are admitted to the celestial company, being crowned with the celestial glory, which makes them Gods. (2) *The terrestrial glory*:*—We read of those who receive glory of a secondary order only, differing from the highest as "the moon differs from the sun in the firmament;" these are they, who though honorable, were still in darkness, "blinded by the craftiness of men," and unable to receive and obey the higher laws of God, they proved "not valiant in the testimony of Jesus," and therefore are not entitled to the fullness of glory. (3) *The celestial glory*:—We learn of a still lower kind of glory, differing from the higher orders as the stars differ from the brighter orbs of the firmament; this is given to those who received not the testimony of Christ, but who still did not deny the Holy Spirit, who have led lives exempting them from the heaviest punishments, yet whose redemption will be delayed till the last resurrection. In the celestial world there are innumerable degrees of glory, comparable to the varying lustre of the stars. † Yet all who receive of any one of these orders of glory are at last saved, and over them Satan will finally have no claim. Even the celestial glory, as we are told by those who have been permitted to gaze upon it, "surpasses all understand-

* Moroni viii, 19, 22.

† Doe. & Cov. Ixxvi, 50-70.

* Doe. & Cov. Ixxvi, 71-80.

† Doe. & Cov. Ixxvi, 81-84

ing; and no man knows it except him to whom God has revealed it."*

SALVATION AND EXALTATION.—Salvation comes to all who have not forfeited their right to it; exaltation is given to those only who by active labors have won a claim to God's mercy, bestowing it. Of the saved not all will be exalted to the higher glories; rewards will not be bestowed in violation of justice; punishments will not be meted out to the ignoring of mercy's claims. No one can be admitted to any order of glory; in short, no soul can be saved, until justice has been satisfied for violated law. Those who have placed themselves beyond the reach of all salvation are consigned to the punishments of hell, concerning which evidence was presented in a previous lecture.

"The laws and ordinances of the gospel," to which obedience is required are ordained of God.

NOTES.

I. THE ATONEMENT PROVED BY EVIDENCE.—"It is often asked: 'How is it that through the sacrifice of one who is innocent salvation may be purchased for those under the dominion of death?' We observe in passing that what should most concern man is not so much how it is that such is the case, but is it a fact. *

* * * To that question the blood sprinkled upon a thousand Jewish altars, and the smoke that darkened the heavens for ages from burnt offerings answer yes.

* * * Even the mythology of heathen nations retains the idea of an atonement that either has been, or is to be made for mankind. Fantastic, distorted, confused, buried under the rubbish of savage superstition it may be, but it nevertheless exists. So easily traced, so distinct is this feature of heathen mythology, that some writers have endeavored to prove that the gospel plan of redemption was derived from heathen mythology. Whereas the fact is that the gospel was understood and extensively preached in the earliest ages, men retained in their tradition a knowledge of those principles or parts of them, and however much they have been distorted, traces of them may still be found in nearly all the mythologies of the world. The prophets of the Jewish scriptures answer the question in the affirmative. The writers of the New Testament make Christ's atonement the principal theme of their

discourses and epistles. The Book of Mormon, speaking as the voice of an entire continent of people whose prophets and righteous men sought and found God, testify to the same great fact. The revelations of God as given through the Prophet Joseph Smith are replete with passages confirming this doctrine."—Roberts' Outlines of Ecclesiastical History, Section viii, 6.

2. CHRIST'S VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.—"Without Adam's transgression children could not have existed; through the atonement they are placed in a state of salvation without any act of their own. These would embrace, according to the opinion of statisticians, more than one half of the human family, who can attribute their salvation only to the mediation and atonement of the Savior. Thus, * * * * in some mysterious, incomprehensible way Jesus assumed the responsibility which naturally would have devolved upon Adam; but which could only be accomplished through the mediation of Himself, and by taking upon Himself their sorrows, assuming their responsibilities, and bearing their transgressions or sins in a manner to us incomprehensible and inexplicable. He bore the weight of the sins of the whole world, not only of Adam, but of his posterity; and in doing that opened the kingdom of heaven, not only to all believers and all who obeyed the law of God, but to more than one half of the human family who die before they come to years of maturity, as well as to the heathen, who, having died without law, will through His mediation be resurrected without law, and be judged without law, and thus participate, according to their capacity, works and worth, in the blessings of His atonement."—Pres. John Taylor, "Mediation and Atonement," chapter xxi.

ASSISTANCE.

A baby fair, with golden hair,
With blue and laughing eyes,
Was trying hard from off the floor
Upon a chair to rise.
I watched her with supreme delight
She had devised a plan,
By which ascend the chair she might,
Thus her ascent began.
She placed a footstool on a box,
Then tried her best to climb,
Then sighed and shook her curly locks,
Then tried the second time
Her father who was standing near,
Came quickly to her aid,
When she said, "Help me Papa, dear,"
And all her fears allayed.
So when life's hill we try to climb,
Up, up, its rugged steep
Ere we attain its height sublime
We often stop to weep.
Our gracious Father sees our need,
Is ready at our call,
Our weak and faltering prayers to heed,
And help us lest we fall. *A. G. Lauritzen.*

* Par. 89-90.

O MY FATHER.

As Sung by Mr. R. C. Easton at the Dedication Services of the Salt Lake Temple, and During the Recent World's Fair Tour of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir.

ARRANGED BY FRANK W. MERRILL.

Andantino con expressionne.

Rit.



1. O my Father, Thou that dwellest In the high and glorious place! When shall
 2. For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on earth, And with-
 3. I had learned to call Thee Father, Through Thy Spir - it from on high; But, un-
 4. When I leave this frail ex - istence, When I lay this mor-tal hy, Fath-er,



I re - gain Thy presence, And a - gain behold Thy face? In Thy
 held the re - col - lection Of my for - mer friends and birth, Yet oft-
 til the Key of Knowledge Was re - stored, I knew not why, In the
 Mother, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high? Then, at





ho - ly ha - bi - tation, Did my spir - it once re - side? In my
 times a sec - ret something Whispered, "You'r a stranger here;" And I
 beav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No; the thought makes rea - son stare! Truth is
 length, when I've com - pleted All you sent me forth to do, With your



Cres. and Rit.

Refrain.



first prl - me - val childhood, Was I nur - tured near Thy side?
 felt that I had wandered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere,
 reason; truth e ter - nal Tellis me I've a mother there,
 mutual ap - pro-hation Let me come and dwell with you,

Near Thy side? . . .
 Ex-alt - ed sphere. . . .
 A moth-er there. . . .
 Dwell with you. . . .



Refrain for Chor. pp

Near Thy side? . . .
 Ex-alt - ed sphere. . . .
 A moth-er there. . . .
 Dwell with you. . . .



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